



BLUE AND GRAY.

It was a sight to be long remembered. That I saw on the cars one day. As the train was flying southward.

In the latter part of May, it was only two aged women. Who met by chance that day. One had eyes of loveliest blue. The other, the sweetest gray.

"Where go you?" said the blue-eyed one. To her with the eyes of gray. "I'm going to visit my husband's grave. In the southland far away."

"Was he a soldier?" the blue-eyed asked. As she gazed in the eyes of gray. And half unconsciously she grasped Her hand in a loving way.

The eyes of gray lit up with pride; "Yes, he was a soldier true; He fell at the battle of Shiloh." "Oh! there's where mine fell, too." And then they clasped each other and wept. The eyes of blue and gray Mingled their flood of sympathy. As the train sped on its way.

"What uniform did your 'soldier' wear?" "My soldier wore the blue." "Ah," said the other, "mine wore the gray." "No matter, they both were true." "Yes, they were true, our loved and lost. True till their dying day; And it matters not what they were on earth. They are clothed in white to-day."

And when we came to the station. A very small town by the way. The men all stood bareheaded. As the two went on their way. They walked up the street together. Like children hand in hand. Out on the country highway. Where the old church used to stand.

And on and on till they reached the place. Where their soldiers brave were laid: Then they kissed and wept o'er each grave alike. And together knelt down and prayed; Then each told the other about the past. How they lived with their children dear. And agreed, while God would spare their lives. To meet there once a year.

And then they walked back to the station. These soldiers' widows in tears. Helped by each other's sympathy. To bear their burden of years. Back to the west they traveled. To their children, kind and true; One with eyes of the sweetest gray. The other, the loveliest blue. —N. Y. Sun.



SAID BY THE SWORD.

I AM THE old sword, hanging quietly upon the wall over the mantelpiece, keenly observant of all that takes place about me. Nor am I rusty and slow. Those dark spots upon my polished blade are specters of blood, shades of the precious drops which, in more stirring days, were the red seals of courage, signs manual of heroes, testifying to future generations their knowledge of heroic deeds. In the days of the Crusades, when mailed knights went forth to battle for the cross, the sword handle was held upright and by that they swore to heroic vows. Therefore when they ended with the words "said by the sword," it meant the unvarnished truth. My handle, too, is a cross. "Said by the sword," now as then means that I testify truly. Members of the sword family are long lived, maintaining their keenness and elasticity to old age. There are hundreds of years of service in me yet, and I may flash in the forefront of many a gallant charge when the sons and daughters of this generation have turned to dust. I flashed bravely in behalf of the old flag in the civil war. How much worthier was the oft-quoted sword of Bunker Hill than the sword of Gettysburg and Appomattox?

I was presented to Capt. Carroll, a young volunteer, in 1861. A young lady with eyes brighter than my flashing blade or the jewels upon my hilt made the presentation in behalf of the ladies, and I saw at once by the way in which the captain regarded her that he thought more of the gift because of the giver. She was petite, a mere morsel of humanity, but as dainty a morsel as ever made a mark for Cupid's busy bow. Small in quantity, first-class in quality, with a heart of the largest size in a body of the smallest, her luminous soul flashed in majestic courage through love-lit eyes, and she was every inch a model of the devoted patriot women of 1861 and 1865.

Off we went to the war. It was not a junket nor yet a pleasure excursion. In a few months the gallant ranks were thinned, empty sleeves appeared in many parts of the line, boyish faces became bronzed, and boyish spirits ripened in the sultry atmosphere of conflict into the strong, stern, sturdy hearts of veterans tried and true. I flashed ever westward the front, and many a time that flash leaping out in the red flame of conflict became the beacon which led our boys to victory. In a year I led a regiment and gloried in the achievements of men whose chosen comrade I was. On went the union soldiers, their flag sometimes waving proudly in victory, sometimes trailing in temporary defeat, but ever reappearing through the carnage to lead the hosts of patriots toward the inevitable end.

At the battle of Winchester my master and I, fighting in the thickest of the fray, engaged a handsome confederate officer and were overmatched. Down fell Col. Carroll, his glazing eyes regarding me longingly as my captor bore me away. Much against my will I served him for awhile, and though swords regard it their duty to serve their owners regardless of the cause they espouse, it went against the grain to strike at those who wore the union blue. But my new master was every inch a soldier and a manly fellow. True hearts beat as nobly under confederate gray as under union blue. Thank God that the noblest of them all bent together in loyalty now! The fraternity of truly noble souls asserted itself upon occasion, even then.

One day about four weeks after my capture, Col. Poindexter bore me on a round of visits through the hospitals. Past cot after cot we went, most of the pale faces thereon being those of union

bravely served the sire. Soldiers are always ready, so I gladly obeyed.

Proudly we sailed the seas. Strangely enough my young master's chosen friend on the vessel was Carroll Poindexter, son of the confederate colonel who once wore me for awhile. The son of the man in gray was the bosom friend of the son of the man in blue, both loyally serving under the old flag, united heart and soul against its foes. It pleased me to note their friendship as the sunny symbol following the storm cloud of civil war.

Finally we anchored one day in a harbor of the tropics. The land-locked bay was almost in the center of a large city, whose gayly-colored houses stood out against backgrounds of palms, and farther still great mountains which erected nature's cathedral spires and lifted their sunlit summits to the azure sky.

There was revolution on the beautiful island and feeling ran high. Sud-

denly one night, as my master and his companion conversed in low tones in their hammocks, there came a sound as of thunder, the great ship heaved and rocked, fires burst forth as though her interior had become the crater of a volcano, and by their baleful light bodies of men could be seen hurled into the air, some shattered, some whole, while underneath the watching sharks waited for their prey and overhead great vultures gathered for their ghoulish feast. It seemed like a section of the judgment day breaking prematurely before the natural coming of the dawn. The Maine had been blown up and another event had been written in blood and flame upon the pages of history. The two comrades, my master and his friend, both died. They were brave and comely youths. God keep their memory green!

I was sent home and again installed upon my throne, a more priceless relic now than ever. It chilled me to note the grief of the aged couple, now bereaved, with both the brave boys who would have cherished them in their old age, gone before them to the silent land. There were memorial wreaths upon both portraits now which flanked me on either side and completed the row of precious things gracing this home altar. The open fire below seemed to be offering incense to their memory when the aged father at eventide unbent his heart in prayer, his only arm clasping close his aged wife.

Then came the sorrows. The home had been mortgaged to pay for the tuition of the boys, and the scanty pension served simply to meet the mere expense of living. The holder of the mortgage was one of those who think sentiment is unbusinesslike, men who think the dollar mark a better badge than the hero's scars. So the day of fate drew on apace and the skies of the future seen from the little home darkened. There was faith and courage there, but these do not heal scarred hearts or shield the most heroic souls from bitter sorrows. How I would have liked to spike that hard-hearted old skinflint who sneered cynically at pleas made for time and opportunity. It is lucky for such wretches that swords are powerless to act upon impulse or strike when the iron (or rather the steel) is hot.

The night before the day of doom, that on which the aged couple were to be driven from the home made sacred by precious memories, there was a knock at the door and who should walk in but young Louis Carroll, the son who was supposed to have been lost on the Pacific. Stalwart, smiling, brown as a berry, he clasped the aged parents in his arms and they mingled smiles and tears in a confusion as charming as it was unphilosophical. The ship had been lost but all the passengers had not. Louis was one of the rescued, was taken in the schooner which picked them up to its far northern destination as one of the whaling fleet in the Behring sea, and he had been out of reach of mail facilities and ordinary transportation. One letter he had entrusted to a roving Eskimo, but the man in furs had evidently proved a poor postman. Perhaps he had fallen a victim to a walrus or polar bear, and the letter reposed with his remains in its department of the interior.

Better still, Louis had been to the Alaska mines and had been there reasonably successful. He was not a millionaire, but he had nuggets enough to

erect an efficient barrier against mortgages for a lifetime. I heard him say after he paid Old Moneybags his claim, that he was strongly tempted to hit him with the flat of the sword which hung on the wall and then throw him out of the window. I wish he had, for I should like to have had a share in the skirmish. His good mother rebuked him for the words, but I thought I saw a gleam of approval in his father's eyes, though he too was a fairly good Christian under ordinary circumstances. And so the cloud over the little home lifted. Who was it that said: "At eventide there shall be light?" In life's dim twilight the old people are happy and safe once more.

When Memorial day comes I shall be worn again by the honored commander of the G. A. R. post as the members march proudly under their tattered battle flag to decorate the graves of their dead. Upon those grassy altars we will renew our vows of fidelity to the old flag and the union it gloriously represents. Already arrangements have been made with American friends at Havana, and a silken flag with flowers in profusion will lie on the grave of the young soldier I served, sleeping peacefully there with more than 200 comrades who wore the blue. In God's good time, perhaps in 1899, soldiers of the Cuban republic, then fully established, may plant the flags and scatter the flowers on those honored graves.

And on the evening of Memorial day here we are to have a wedding. Louis Carroll, the returned Klondiker, will marry Virginia Secession Poindexter, daughter of the man who once captured me from her father-in-law. Captor and captured will be there, and the whole squad will be united to the core. The dainty little maiden will practice what she preaches by her "union" with the son of the man in blue, and the old uniform will be brought out for the occasion, my honored self hanging as of old near the soldier's side. The old soldiers will each wear blue and gray; blue in faded uniforms, gray in beards and hair. And over the alcove in which the happy pair stand to be wed will flutter the tattered remnant of the old battle flag.

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PATRIARCHISM.

A Colored Citizen Has a Great Desire to Show His Peculiar Patriotism.

A gentleman who was in Charleston on business last week tells a story that was in circulation in that live and patriotic West Virginia city:

While Gen. Appleton, adjutant general of the state, was passing down one of the principal streets on his way to his office in the capitol a colored brother, and there are scores and scores of them in that town, hailed the general.

"General, 'seuse me for stoppin' you, but I'd like to ax you a quession, sah, if you've got time ter answer hit."

"Certainly, sir," said Gen. Appleton. "What is it?"

"Well, sah, does you think ther's gwine to be wuh?"

"It looks that way now, but I fear from the way the white men are pressing forward that you colored people will have a very slim chance to enlist. Did you think of going?"

"No, sah; I can't say 'I's achin' to go, sah, but I would like, if I have to, erlong wif lots o' odder colo'd men, to show my patriarchy, sah, foh you know, ginerl, dat de colo'd folk hab jist as much patriarchy as de white folks, an' we want to show hit."—Atlanta Constitution.

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Singular Ship.

The most singular ship in the world is the Polyphemus, of the British navy. It is simply a long steel tube, deeply buried in the water, the decks rising only four feet above the sea. It carries no masts or sails, and is used as a ram and torpedo boat.—Boston Herald.

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And on the evening of Memorial day here we are to have a wedding. Louis Carroll, the returned Klondiker, will marry Virginia Secession Poindexter, daughter of the man who once captured me from her father-in-law. Captor and captured will be there, and the whole squad will be united to the core. The dainty little maiden will practice what she preaches by her "union" with the son of the man in blue, and the old uniform will be brought out for the occasion, my honored self hanging as of old near the soldier's side. The old soldiers will each wear blue and gray; blue in faded uniforms, gray in beards and hair. And over the alcove in which the happy pair stand to be wed will flutter the tattered remnant of the old battle flag.

Alas, of the old comrades I am the only one who looks as young as ever. I hope to fight the enemies of my country hundreds of years after all of you who read this sleep with the silent majority under the sod. Shall we meet in Heaven? St. John in Revelations speaks of flaming swords there, and of flaunting blades. Be that as it may, "All's well that ends well." I leave those I love in the happy light which illumines their radiant faces as a result of the reunion and the wedding, the light of undying affection which arches like a halo over the altar of home. My simple story is ended. May its lessons live in human hearts for many years to come. I. EDGAR JONES.

PATRIARCHISM.

A Colored Citizen Has a Great Desire to Show His Peculiar Patriotism.

A gentleman who was in Charleston on business last week tells a story that was in circulation in that live and patriotic West Virginia city:

While Gen. Appleton, adjutant general of the state, was passing down one of the principal streets on his way to his office in the capitol a colored brother, and there are scores and scores of them in that town, hailed the general.

"General, 'seuse me for stoppin' you, but I'd like to ax you a quession, sah, if you've got time ter answer hit."

"Certainly, sir," said Gen. Appleton. "What is it?"

"Well, sah, does you think ther's gwine to be wuh?"

"It looks that way now, but I fear from the way the white men are pressing forward that you colored people will have a very slim chance to enlist. Did you think of going?"

"No, sah; I can't say 'I's achin' to go, sah, but I would like, if I have to, erlong wif lots o' odder colo'd men, to show my patriarchy, sah, foh you know, ginerl, dat de colo'd folk hab jist as much patriarchy as de white folks, an' we want to show hit."—Atlanta Constitution.

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy work is o'er. No more the bugle calls "to arms." Dream on beneath thy tent of green. Sleep, soldier, sleep, free from alarms!

Rest, soldier, rest! While we to-day Bring fragrant flowers, with reverent tread, To deck the graves of those we love— A tribute to our honored dead.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy work is o'er. Sleep on and rest, free from all care: While we our gratitude express, With blossoms sweet and garlands fair.